

Middlebury Register.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
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SUBSCRIPTION (IN ADVANCE), \$2 PER YEAR.
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I prepared to do all kinds of work in the line of cabinet making, manufacturing the new and improved style of chairs, tables, and other furniture, at reasonable prices. Shop over Martin & Langworthy's machine shop, near the freight depot.
44-46
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ABELE LEAVENWORTH, A. M., PRINCIPAL, Assisted by Four Capable Graduates of Normal Schools from other States.
New Features for Fall Term, 1875. Capacity of building doubled. Model and Preparatory departments added.
Fall Term opens Thursday in August. Spring Term, first Tuesday in February.
Send for Catalogue.

FOR SALE.
My store and stock of goods, the farm and eighteen rods of land connected with the store, in the village of Brookfield, are for sale. The store is a new building, and the farm is a good one, with a good house, and a good barn. The price is \$10,000. Apply to the undersigned.
HENRY JACKSON, Brookfield, Vt.

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MORRIS N. RAIL—Night express leaves Rutland 12:35; Burlington 2:15; Middlebury 3:35; Vergennes 4:30; arrives in Burlington at 4:55.
Express Freight—Leaves Rutland 1:05 A. M.; Burlington at 6:00 A. M.; Middlebury 7:10 A. M.; Vergennes 8:15 A. M.; arrives in Burlington at 8:30 A. M.
Leaves Burlington 11:15 A. M.; Middlebury 12:30 P. M.; Vergennes 1:35 P. M.; arrives in Rutland at 2:30 P. M.
Leaves Rutland 2:30 P. M.; Burlington 4:00 P. M.; Middlebury 5:10 P. M.; Vergennes 6:15 P. M.; arrives in Burlington at 6:30 P. M.
Leaves Burlington 6:30 P. M.; Middlebury 7:45 P. M.; Vergennes 8:50 P. M.; arrives in Rutland at 9:50 P. M.

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Farm for sale containing two hundred and forty acres, sold farm as good as a new one, with a good house, and a good barn. The price is \$10,000. Apply to the undersigned.
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FURNITURE!
At the old stand of W. C. Langworthy, can be found all kinds of large and choice furniture, and, which will be sold at a low price.
CHEAP FOR CASH!
Furniture repaired, looking-glass plates set in old frames, cleaned and refinished, and everything pertaining to furniture.
Repairs done at short notice.
And on the most reasonable terms.
W. C. LANGWORTHY, per Son, Middlebury, Jan. 1, 1876. 42-43

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Parties, ladies or gentlemen, to sell good horses—Address—P. O. Box 398, Middlebury, Vt.

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XL. MIDDLEBURY, VT., FEBRUARY 1, 1876. NO. 46.

Song.
BY MISS W. W. THOMAS.
Bright as the sunshine that gleams on the morning,
Bright as the gleams of stars in the sea,
Bright as the moonbeams that gleam on the night,
So is thy memory, beloved, to me.
Sweet as the summer song floating above us,
Sweet as a music strain on the air,
Sweet as the fond words of those who love us,
So is thy memory, beloved, to me.
Fair as the paths to our childhood given,
Fair as the light of truth ever could be,
Fair as the dreams that fadeeth, oh Heaven,
So is thy memory, beloved, to me.
Dear as the hopes that we cherish forever,
Dear as the joys of the captive and free,
Dear as the home-land that fadeeth, oh never,
So is thy memory, beloved, to me.
Pure as the prayer of innocent children,
Pure as the snowdrift that whitens the sea,
Pure as the streamlet that flows through the wildwood,
So is thy memory, beloved, to me.
True as the sun the wide earth over,
True as the mother's glances on the sea,
True as the light that gleams on the shining,
So is thy memory, beloved, to me.
Faithful as ax, though our paths should be parted,
Faithful, though years in their slowness should pass,
Even to the end, there'll be one, earnest-hearted,
Praying for living far, living but thus!

California Sketches.

San Francisco, the commercial capital of California and of the Pacific coast, is a much more attractive city than we are led to find in a community not yet thirty years old. It has had a most remarkable development, and is in many respects the most desirable place of residence for people who like city life upon the continent. Its rapid growth in wealth and population is mainly owing to its location upon the magnificent bay, which offers the only deep and spacious harbor upon the coast, and upon its commanding the entrance to the great valley which is the heart of California. All the wealth of the mountains in silver, gold and lumber, and the riches of the valleys in horses, cattle, grain, fruits and vegetables flow naturally into its bosom, as well as the abundance of the sea, which the wings of commerce waft to its shores. Its climate is remarkable for the uniformity of its temperature, and in this respect it is unlike that of any other great city. It is never cold enough to freeze—never so hot as to require light summer clothing. It favors the highest degree of physical and mental activity the year round. There is no need of change of clothing, or change of residence, for physical comfort. The range of the thermometer in summer is from sixty to seventy degrees, and in winter from fifty to sixty degrees. The average temperature of January, the coldest month, is forty-nine degrees and of September, the warmest month, fifty-eight degrees—showing a difference of only nine degrees between summer and winter. The difference between January and July in New York is forty degrees, and in London, twenty-five degrees, and in Naples thirty degrees. It is very comfortable in winter, but not in hot weather. The atmosphere is always mild, and walking and riding are highly enjoyable at all seasons of the year. The morning fogs are disagreeable, but there pass with the morning, and the midday is almost invariably brilliant. This peculiarity of the climate has induced itself upon the style of building and planning in the city. Houses are built on sunny exposures, and with bay windows, to invite the sun inside, and the streets have few shade trees, the ornamentation is with dwarf trees, shrubs and flowers. Of these there is a profusion in almost every yard in front of the dwelling. Frost never comes, and the green grass is a constant growth in summer. The city is a wealth of floral display, such as is rarely seen in any other city or in our conservatories at the east. The eastern visitor is astonished at the wonderful growth of his old acquaintances—geraniums higher than his head, fuchsias covering the whole side of a garden fence, roses quadrupled in size, and of intense fragrance, and the plants of the greenhouse are so luxuriant, that the English visitor grows everywhere in the greatest luxuriance, and the passion flower and climbing roses and vines of various sorts adorn every doorway and trellis where they are planted. The beauty of the tropics and of the temperate zone meet here in fond alliance.

The peninsula on which the city is built is a poor soil, and some parts of it toward the ocean are little else than a blowing sand; yet the evergreen oak grows in a sturdy growth in the shrubs flourish. In the winter the surrounding hills are covered with green grass, but in summer the suburbs look parched and desolate. Yet there must be elements of fertility in the sandy soil, for it only needs water to bring a luxuriant vegetation. The city is more cosmopolitan in the character of its people than New York. The majority of the people are of American birth, and this element has more influence in moulding society than any other. In addition to all the European elements are found in New York, the metropolis of the Pacific has a large number of Californians of mixed Mexican and Spanish blood, a larger Chinese population than can be found in any city out of China, and a nondescript class from the Mississippi valley. Every one of the older states has its representatives here, bringing with them home memories and peculiarities, lending their influence to mould society here.

Almost every type of religion is here, and as much as home as under its native skies. The Catholics have the advantage of a hundred years of possession, and have filled the whole land with the aroma of saintly names from San Diego in the south to Marysville in the north. The footstep of saints and angels are everywhere visible, and poor indeed is the river, valley, mountain, town or city that has not had some angel visitant to give it a name. The Catholics have ten churches in San Francisco, the Protestants twenty-eight, the Jews two synagogues, and the "heavenly Chinese" six buildings in which Buddhist ceremonies are performed. The people are remarkably tolerant of religious differences of opinion and of practice. Church members trained in the East probably hold their religious convictions as firmly as ever, but the great mass of the people do not attend church, and feel very little of sanctity influence. One sees on the Sabbath the various horse railroad cars, ferry boats and

steamers loaded with people in holiday dress, going on picnics and pleasure excursions out into the country to enjoy the fresh air. At the same time, if you enter one of the evangelistic churches, you will likely find it well filled with attentive worshippers; the Sabbath schools full, and the prayer meetings as well sustained as they are in the East. The influences that are around Christian people here are calculated to make decided characters. There is undoubtedly a steady gain in the power of the evangelistic churches. We were agreeably disappointed in the activity of these churches in their missionary work among the Chinese. Religious prejudices are not strong, and there is less of sectarian bitterness than in most Eastern cities. There is little difficulty in securing hearty co-operation in revival efforts, and in enterprises for the public good. No church monopolizes the business, the wealth, the intelligence or the political government of the city. The Catholics, the Protestants, the Jews and the Chinese, the same organized and the most influenced by sectarian considerations, the Jews have a large portion of the importing and treasure trade, and are thrifty here as they are everywhere, and the Protestants are said to hold most of the offices.

Owing to the early history of the state, full of miners and adventurers, far removed from family influences, a multitude of social and benevolent organizations have sprung up in the city. Almost all the nationalities have their societies; the Masons have fifteen lodges, and the Odd Fellows have nine, and there are many of other orders. Besides these there are hospitals and asylums, so that the poor and the needy are well cared for.

San Francisco is said to be the busiest port in proportion to its population in the world. Its annual exports are about \$70,000,000, its imports about \$80,000,000, and its sales of real estate are about \$12,000,000, and the value of the real estate is put at \$300,000,000. It has a large traffic in silver and gold bullion, and the steady productiveness of the mines in the state and in Nevada makes it a possible thing to maintain specie payments, while the states east of Utah make greenbacks a legal tender. About forty tons of silver and gold are exported every month. The silver bars are fifteen inches long and five inches square, and the gold bars are about six inches long, three wide and two thick. All the trade is carried on upon the specie basis. The traveler from the East must either bring gold and silver, or exchange his money for gold before he can make purchases or settle his hotel bills. The display of coin in the streets and at the docks is on a grand scale. Wagon loads of the precious metals in kegs and bags are a common sight. Deposits in the bank are made in coin. Checks of tens of thousands of dollars are paid in gold. The \$10 and \$20 gold pieces are piled in trays on the counter, each tray numbered, so that business is transacted with about as much rapidity as if the payments were in greenbacks. A check for \$10,000 is paid by emptying a tray containing 500 double eagles into a bag. During banking hours upon California street there is a constant current of men laden with bags of coin entering and returning from the banks. The bulk of the property does not seem to increase its peril.

The maintenance of trade upon the specie basis is undoubtedly better for all classes of people who mean to do a legitimate business. It is not so good for speculators and gamblers, though unfortunately not fatal to either. The price of labor is lower and living is cheaper in the Eastern states. The motto is, "up to the top," and the market for goods is large, and cash in hand runs low. The markets are exceedingly good, and filled the year round with an abundant display of everything the climate produces for the supply of the table. The city is in daily communication with southern California, and tropical fruits are abundant, after vineyards and orchards of the suburbs are gleaned.

The hotels of the city were famous before the Palace was built. The Occidental and Cosmopolitan have accommodations for about 400 guests each, and the Lick and Grand, though not quite so large, are equally comfortable and inviting. These houses compare favorably with the best hotels in our Eastern cities or in Europe. The charges for board and lodging are three dollars a day, and they furnish every luxury that a reasonable man could ask. San Francisco is justly the pride of all Californians. It is to its people what Paris is to Frenchmen. Everybody who lives upon the Pacific shore wants to live here or spend a part of the year in the city. Every successful business man is looking forward to the day when he can make his home here, and look out upon the Golden Gate, and enjoy the fruits of his labor in this great centre of commerce and trade.

San Francisco is becoming more and more a place of resort for Eastern people, both in summer and winter. The unique attractions of the big trees and the Yosemite, Lake Tahoe and the Sierras, draw people all through the early spring and summer; and the soft climate that lingers the year round on all the shores of the bay, the sunny skies, the tropical flowers and fruits, make the city a charming place of resort to many who dread the rigor of our northern winters. The city not only draws but holds its visitors. Those who come once want to come again, and the attractions are so numerous and so varied in the state that it takes years to explore them. This constant tide of visitors in summer and winter is an important factor in the rapid growth of the city. Many transient visitors make it a home. San Francisco, which had 150,000 inhabitants in 1870, had over 200,000 in 1875.—Country Gentleman.

A Danbury man, wishing to engage several bushels of potatoes from a party in the suburbs, asked a neighbor what sort of a man he was. "Well," said the conscientious neighbor, "I do not know very much about him, but I should think he would make a tip top stranger."

Cats, foxes and weasels have always enjoyed the reputation of being remarkably sly, and they no doubt deserve it; but nothing can surpass the slyness with which a woman, surprised by an unexpected caller, will slip a set of false teeth into her mouth.

Cornwall.
From the Rutland Herald.
The township of Cornwall was chartered by Governor Benning Westworth of New Hampshire, Nov. 3, 1761. The grantees were Mr. Elias Reed and sixty-four others, then residents of Litchfield county, Connecticut, and the name of the township was taken from that of a town in that county and state. It originally comprised a considerable tract not now within the limits, as the Otter Creek was at first its eastern boundary, and a portion of the present village of Middlebury was consequently within the original boundary of Cornwall.

The first settlers in the town arrived in 1774, the year before the breaking out of the Revolutionary struggle, and included Eldad Andrus, William Douglas, Nathan Ford and Samuel Benson, whose descendants still live in Cornwall. Others followed from Connecticut in 1775 and 1776, among whom were Joel Linsey and Jonathan Sanford. Mr. Linsey was the father of Hon. Charles Linsey, who died a few years since, and who resided at Middlebury and Rutland, and one of the most successful lawyers in western Vermont.

In 1777, when Fort Ticonderoga surrendered to Burgoyne, these pioneer settlers relinquished their new homes in the wilderness and traveled southward to places of greater security, returning in 1788, but to find their rude dwellings desolated or destroyed. But nothing daunted, they commenced anew the herculean task to conquer the forest and "make a home for the race." In 1789 a controversy arose between the settlers of Whiting and Cornwall as to the dividing line between the towns, which after several years of legal contention was amicably settled.

In 1790 the legislature, then in session at Rutland, passed an act annexing a considerable portion of the northeastern section of Cornwall lying immediately west of Otter Creek to the town of Middlebury, as the people of Cornwall had consented thereto in town meeting. This tract, though then considered nearly valueless, would have been in better times of great value, and includes nearly one-half of what is now Middlebury village, and the heights where the college buildings have been erected.

Hon. Joel Linsey, hitherto referred to, was the first town clerk, chosen in 1781, and continued to hold the office until his death in 1818, with the exception of the year 1803, a period of thirty-four years. He was ten times the representative in the legislature and was also assistant judge and chief judge of the county court. Judge Linsey was succeeded as town clerk by Darius Matthews, who served one year; by Dea. Asahel Bingham, who served six years; by Dr. Marcus Porter, who served from 1838 to 1860, twenty-two years (since 1855, when B. F. Bingham was chosen); by Samuel Everts, who served from 1861 to 1874, thirteen years; by T. P. D. Matthews, who served one year, and by Henry Lane, the present incumbent. Dr. M. O. Porter, besides his long service as town clerk, served many years as a magistrate, two years in the house of representatives, and two years in the senate, and died quite suddenly in the fall of 1867.

Mr. Lane has also served three terms in the legislature and one term as a member of the council of censors, and was for three years one of the directors of the state prison. The town has long held a high reputation for the deep labor it has always manifested in educational, social and religious matters. Probably no other town in Vermont has so many of its sons educated in the East, and the number of its sons in the army, navy and in the mercantile service, and can sell for small profits. The markets are exceedingly good, and filled the year round with an abundant display of everything the climate produces for the supply of the table. The city is in daily communication with southern California, and tropical fruits are abundant, after vineyards and orchards of the suburbs are gleaned.

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wall, as evinced on occasions of peril to the country, may well be a subject of pride to all her sons. In 1814, when Gen. Prevost with a large army invaded New York, Gov. Clinton refused to call out the militia of Vermont to join in the attempt to repel the aggressive and dedicated British force. But, in common with many others, the young men of Cornwall, like Israel Putnam of yore, "to the rescue!" led by such men as Gen. Summers Gale and Capt. Edmund B. Hill, they were among the first from Addison county to cross the lake and place themselves in front of the enemy. General Gale was major of the volunteers under Gen. Samuel Strong, of Vergennes; while Hill commanded as captain of the Cornwall company, which consisted of sixty-seven men, besides himself. Eight others served in another company, making eighty-five in all. But one was killed, James Wiley, who died from a bullet wound in the neck and breast. Of all these brave men it is thought but six are now living. Daniel Sanford, who was very orderly sergeant of the company, and Zylde B. Robbins, Orin Field, and Jesse Keeler, privates, and Benjamin Atwood and Luther G. Bingham, teamsters.

In the late war Cornwall, out of a population of less than one thousand, furnished eighty-seven men to aid in suppressing the rebellion. Seventeen lost their lives, a costly sacrifice to the defence of their imperiled country, and their names are graven in granite upon a costly and beautiful monument erected to their memory by the town, upon a plot of ground selected for the purpose near the Congregational church. More impressive than the granite will be the memory of their heroism and valor upon the hard fought fields of war. Nearly all who served in this war served in the ranks. But two, so far as is recollected, held commissions: Edwin S. Stowell, who was captain in the Fifth Regiment, and major and lieutenant-colonel in the Ninth Regiment; and Dr. Edward O. Porter, who was assistant surgeon in the Eleventh Regiment.

The township is about six miles in length and four miles in width. It is traversed from north to south by a rocky ledge for a considerable distance, from the top of which a magnificent view of the Adirondacks on one side and the Green Mountains on the other is obtained. The eastern and southern portions of the town have for the most a gravelly and stony soil, admirably adapted to the growth of grain and vegetables. The growth of the town is comparatively new, and is traversed by Lemon Fair River, a sluggish stream and on its rich bottom lands are grown enormous crops of hay.

The onion crop has for some years been the leading crop, from fifteen to twenty-five thousand bushels being grown annually. These are shipped to all parts of New England, New York and Canada, and generally bring remunerative prices. Hon. Henry Lane has been for some years the leading grower of vegetables and vegetable seeds in the town, frequently raising two thousand bushels of onions, besides many hundred bushels of beets, carrots, and other roots and vegetables. He also grows a large quantity of choice vegetable seeds which are annually sent to most of the states of the Union.

The breeding of fine sheep, the thoroughbred sheep has for nearly fifty years engaged the serious attention of many of the farmers of Cornwall. Within the last twenty years a much larger number have become interested in it, until probably no other section has so wide a reputation for the excellence and purity of this kind of stock. Messrs. Merrill and Alonzo L. Stoughton, many years ago, were among the first to develop this enterprise in the town. To such perfection have the flocks of the best breeders been brought that the sheep breeders from every portion of the United States are constantly seeking pasture on Cornwall flocks at high prices. Hon. Rollin J. Jones for thirty years has been the head of this enterprise, and he has brought his large flock up to a high standard. He has a party of nearly fifty ewe lambs, raised in 1875, which many sheep breeders adjudged to be the choicest flock of that number, raised in a single year, ever seen in Vermont. Col. Edwin S. Stowell has for many years exhibited a flock of rare merit to all who called upon him, and has recently sold twenty-five ewes for \$1,300, which it is said will be exhibited at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. There are many others who own choice flocks of thoroughbred sheep, among whom are W. H. DeLong, Charles D. Lane, S. S. Gibbs, Henry Lane, Franklin Hooker, E. H. Dean, Rollin Lane, H. P. Dean, E. S. Dana, M. B. Williamson, and others. The breeding of fine sheep, if pursued with the industry, has been, and is still very remunerative.

In the eastern part of the town, bordering on Otter Creek, is a swamp which has supplied immense quantities of wood and timber, and which the railroad has drawn largely upon for wood and ties. Though not largely a fruit growing town, yet several gentlemen have had great success in the raising of apples and pears, among whom L. L. Wright, Henry Lane and A. H. Sperry are prominent. There is a public library called the "Lane Library," consisting of about one thousand volumes, kept at the residence of Dr. E. O. Porter, librarian; and with the benefit of this, and the social, educational and religious privileges attained, there seems no reason why the good people of Cornwall should not enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Where does it all come from?
Pines and quarts of fifty Cathedral discharges. Where does it all come from? The mucous membrane which lines the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased, so that they draw from the blood its liquid, and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This liquid is needed to build up the system, but it is extracted, and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure, gain flesh and strength by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly upon the glands, correcting them, and apply Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper cavities, where the discharge accumulates and comes from. The instrument and both medicines sold by druggists and dealers in medicines.

Buggins thinks that dynamite is a contraption for die any minute.

"The Rich Man Died and was Buried."
The death of the late Wm. B. Astor furnished occasion but recently for a brief comment in our columns on the unsatisfactory nature of the pursuit of wealth for its own sake, and we also had some words to say upon the failure of so many of our rich men to devote even a portion of their great riches to the alleviation of misery or to the promotion of good by the establishment of large and generous benefices. Since those words were penned the publication of Mr. Astor's will gives occasion for a return to the subject.

Mr. Astor was the representative of one of our oldest families. For fifty years he devoted himself to the development of the enormous Astor estate—an estate which, two years after the death of its founder, in 1848, was stated by the late Fitz Greene Halleck to return an annual income of \$1,000,000, or \$5,000 a day. Mr. Astor's will, as printed in the public journals, reflects the testator's intention to add during his lifetime \$250,000 to the endowment of the City Library—founded by his father, and whose further care was enjoined upon his son—and directs his executors to pay out of his estate so much of that sum as may not have been paid at the time of his death; and by a codicil appropriates a further sum of \$200,000 to the same object. With that exception the following is all Mr. Astor has bequeathed to benevolent objects:

American Bible Society	\$10,000
Society for Relief of Aged and Indigent Females	5,000
Institution for the Blind	5,000
Lying-in Asylum	5,000
Ladies Repository	5,000
Freemen's Fund	10,000
Total	\$100,000

The precise value of the Astor estate is not known, but it has been estimated at from \$50,000,000 to \$200,000,000. The latter amount is, doubtless, extravagant; but at compound interest the estate would have quadrupled its value during the past twenty-five years, giving an annual income of say \$6,000,000, or \$20,000 a day. But taking the lowest estimate of \$50,000,000, and supposing Mr. Astor to have realized seven per cent. from it—an estimate which must be far below the actual facts—Mr. Astor's estate would still return a yearly income of \$3,500,000, or \$10,000 a day. And so, after a life exceeding four score years—a life born and cradled and reared and passed in wealth—Mr. Astor passed out of this world into the next, and leaves to charity and to religion the amount of four days' income!

"The will," says a contemporary, "will be read with regret, if not with surprise." "Regret," we suppose, indeed! Could any reader of this paper have imagined that a man who professed, as Mr. Astor did, a belief in God and in immortality, would dare go down to his grave with such a record? Could any man, with any life, in its wasted opportunities ever carried the record of quite so pitiful a failure as this?

All over our city Mr. Astor owed property; his wealth flowed in so freely upon him that all he could do was to take it in, buy, and build, and collect; and it was buy, and build, and collect, year after year. Millions rolled in upon the great estate, which grew and grew till it surpassed in extent and value that of any other in this country. And the busy world outside? It was the same it always had been. There was poverty; there was distress; there was starvation; there was misery; there was wretchedness; there was disease and death; there was moral turpitude; there were the devil's agents paving the road to hell for faithful souls to tread; there were sick churches and poor churches. Christian men and women were pleading for help—to help to build hospitals, help to erect asylums, help to spread the gospel to the perishing, help to lift up the down-trodden, cast the perishing. They asked help of Mr. Astor when living. He refused it. And when dead they found he had said to them, "Here is four days' income—take that and let me alone." Ah! Mr. Astor, why did you give at all? Then you might have thought you had never learned the lesson of giving, and charity might have heard the voice of obloquy. But, alas! you knew how to give. You knew that \$10,000 to the Bible Society was not a waste of your means; you knew that \$5,000 devoted to the relief of poor, aged, indigent women would do some good, and that a like amount bestowed upon a blind asylum would perhaps provide a few beds in that institution to one poor, sightless unfortunate—you know all this, but why did you stop there? Had you but given, when living, some of these superfluous millions which you could not use—which would have made you none the poorer, but so much richer—how would the good have blessed your memory? How would the poor have honored you? How would your example have lightened your path when you were dead, have shone down the ages after you were dead? How much grander a monument you would have built than that shaft of passionate, insensate marble which will tower above your grave!

Mr. Astor indeed fostered a great benefice, the Astor Library, an inheritance from his father; would that he had learned a lesson in some of its volumes! He might have read in the words of the old sage old Antonius that "a great estate is a great disadvantage to those who do not know how to use it, for it prevents and principle, not an estate, that makes a man good for something." Or he might have read in Lord Bacon's *Essays*—or have read it as well in the miserable failure of that life—that "riches are the baggage of virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hinders the march and sometimes loathes the victory."

We say no single word against the acquisition of wealth, or even great wealth. It is only when wealth is pursued for its own sake that it becomes a curse to its possessor. An old writer has said that "death discharges us of all our obligations." At it is then we have to encounter that greatest of all obligations, the accounting for wasted opportunities. It is too late for Mr. Astor in his grave to repair the pitiful failure of his life; it is not too late for many who are living to take a solemn lesson from his example.—*The Christian at Work.*

Buggins thinks that dynamite is a contraption for die any minute.

Valuable to Every Home.
We shall do our readers a favor by calling their special attention to the value, the usefulness, and we may say the direct profit, of supplying themselves with the present year, with one of the *cheapest*, as well as the most valuable Journals issued in this country. It costs hardly half a cent a day, a sum easily saved, while its practical hints and suggestions will be most likely to bring back that amount many times over. The 500 to 600 beautiful and instructive Engravings, alone worth many times the cost of the paper. We refer to the *American Agriculturist*, so called because started 35 years ago as a Rural Journal, but now enlarged and improved to suit the wants of every family in Country, Village, and City. It is packed full of good things, useful, reliable, and instructive. Each number contains 44 large (double octavo) pages, beautifully printed. It has much for instructing and pleasing Housekeepers and Children, and Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants—indeed all classes. Its House Plans and improvements, with Engravings and particulars as to cost, and the common sense directions, are worth more than many costly architectural works. Its constant, persistent, fearless exposure of humbugs and swindling schemes, is of great value to the whole country and to every individual. In short, it is full of good things for every body, and we advise everybody to take it this year. It will be specially valuable in this Centennial year. Its circulation, which is a hundred fold greater than the majority of other journals, enables the publisher to supply the *American Agriculturist* at the very low rate of \$1.00 a year, post-paid, or four copies for \$5.40. Take our advice and send for it to the publishers, viz.: Messrs. ORANGE JUD COMPANY, 245 Broadway, New York City.

An Extensive Land Swindle.
California settlers on the Mexican land grants are a good deal excited over an attempted land grab on the part of the Central Pacific railroad. By all precedent in departmental ruling, as well as by the decisions of the courts, this class of lands have always been held as reserved and subjected to pre-emptions and homestead location. It was lately discovered that a case in which the railroad had both sides had gone by default in the United States court at San Francisco, and was in the supreme court of the United States. Upon this the settlers sought to employ eminent counsel to defend that case to prevent a decision evidently desired as a precedent. Through their attorneys they made application to a prominent Western lawyer and ex-senator, who, by letter, agreed to defend the case. Later developments reveal the fact that he had received a retainer from the railroad company, on the other side of the same case, and that he had himself made a motion to advance that same case on the docket, which had been denied. Still more recent developments show that a late officer, very prominent in the land department at Washington, is interested in the case as a user, and that he, too, although in the employ of the railroad, has received a fee of \$1,000 from the railroad, and his receipt for the money in San Francisco. As the Mexican grants cover about one seventh of all the lands in the State and about one-fourth of all the choice lands; as the settlers have lived upon and improved these lands for years; as thousands of them have paid for the lands and received duplicates and patents for them; and as the railroad is really of huge proportions, and has dredged millions of dollars would not cover the amount involved.

The Pope as a Musician.
As a young man he cultivated his music very assiduously, and his voice was magnificent. Even now it is very sweet and powerful, and his holiness sings at high mass all who hear him are struck by the superb manner in which he executes the difficult Gregorian chant. The pope has always been a distinguished patron of music, and it is to him that Rome owes the flourishing condition of her conservatory of music, which, however, has sadly deteriorated of late. A few weeks back the pope, as Cappelletti, the great composer of sacred music, and leader of the superb choir of the Vatican; his holiness congratulated the maestro, and, taking a valuable ring from his finger, presented it to him. At the same time he ordered that the name of Cappelletti should be added to the list of knights of the grand order of St. Gregory. Rosini was an intimate friend of Pius IX., and dedicated to him a fine march, which bears his name. Gounod has also frequently been received by him, and he has given him several notable decorations. When the famous prima donna Carlotta Marchisio died, his holiness ordered that the members of his special choir should sing at the funeral mass said for her eternal repose. Pius IX. at present much interested in the great church music question which is widely discussed in the musical world. He disapproves of the use of profane music in churches, but, at the same time, recently expressed an opinion that, as a rule, what is usually called sacred music was dull and dreary. He thought that sacred music should be dramatic but not theatrical.

Reaping the Whirlwind.
The following is from the Hartford Journal and Visitor: "The richest man in our town set up one of his sons in the liquor business. A temperance neighbor protested earnestly against it. The rich father said: 'My son, matter is a thousand dollars a year.' 'No matter,' said the temperance neighbor, 'he may be ruined by it.' In ten years the wife of the rum-selling son died a drunkard, leaving two motherless children. The rum-seller forged his father's name, and at length involved his father so much that the old man failed, losing the earnings of his life. The rum-selling son died a drunkard, and the poor old father was a sot; and the poor old father was one of the moderate drinkers—drinking enough to plant seeds of ruin in his family—died, too. And now all that are left of one of the first families of the town are the orphan grandchildren. Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips!"

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